LOYE'S POWER.

DER LIEBE MACHT.





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SOMETHING OF A FIX.

A QUEER STORY.

BY A. L. DUANE, AUTHOR OF "THE VANITY OF MAN" AND OTHER STORIES.

I suppose no sensation ever "pans out" as we expect it to.

A man spends years of his life getting ready for a wife, and after the courting is over and the ceremony is said he finds that even those first few days are not the dreams of bliss that he anticipated. His blushing bride brushes her teeth and looks absurd with her mouth full of foam, and has no hesitancy in letting him see that a few of her curliest locks grew on somebody else's head. He resigns himself to the inevitable, and after he gives up expecting unalloyed bilss he settles down rather happily after all.

I had arrived at that state. I had been head ever ears in love with Julia, and had worked like a beaver to make a home for her that would not let her be too homesick for the luxuries of the paternal mansion. She was not my first love by any means. I had always had a sweetheart or two since I could remember, and had been engaged once or twice, but I never had been an abject slave of the blind god until I met Julia. Yet now, as I sat out on my vineshaded verands, that was built in the wide comfortable style of nowadays architecture, and blew my eigar smoke up towards its pale-green painted ceiling I was glad that Julia and the children were enjoying themselves at Seabright, and that I could have a taste of bachelor quiet and freedom for a couple of months longer. I didn't care to go anywhere. It was pleasant enough to be rid of the nervous feeling that may be Johnny was going to break his neck on the stable ladder presently, or the baby was going to begin her wails, but when I saw my old friend, Dr. Marsh, coming up the walk, I was very glad to see him, and drew up another comfortable chair and rang the veranda bell for John to bring out a box of cigars and to put some bottled beer on the ice. George Marsh and I had been boys together, and as we both had a taste for old friendships of a mild flavor we were likely to be exchanging senile anecdotes (one of these days) if one did not pass a bad hour as the pall-bearer of the other before that George sat down rather heavily. The dignity that he had assumed very early on account of his delicate profession seemed to have got into his joints and burdened his limbs. But there were only faint touches of it here and there in his conversation usually, but to-night he seemed almost lugubrious, and if it had been anybody else but George Marsh I should have said that he was embarrassed. Presently he said he had a piece of news for me. My aunt, Mrs. Saltor, was back at the Beeches. It seemed a little odd that I should first hear

of a relative's return from her physician, but considering all things, it was not. "Your cousin, Miss Nelly, is with her," George went on, looking intently at his cigar, which he

held in his fingers. "And is she as pretty as ever?" I asked idly. "I must go over and see them." "You were engaged to Miss Nelly at one time. were you not, Dick!" George said.

"Yes, I believe I was," I said, laughing. "But that was ten years ago. Little Nell was only sixteen then. It was long before she began to read Herbert Spencer and Schopenhauer and to write magazine articles. As soon as her mind began to bud she dropped me."

She has been terribly ill," Marsh said, "and to tell you the truth, Dick, that is why I came to see you this evening. She has been studying too hard, and it resulted in a sort of brain fever which has temporarily destroyed her memory of the time since she began studying. She has thrown off the overload, and in mind she is the little Nelly of ten years ago."

I sat staring at him in horrified amazement. Nell Saltor, the pride of the family, insane! "It is, of course, only a temporary thing," Dr. Marsh said, hastily, "and nobody must know of it; but she requires the most delicate treatment. That is why Mrs. Saitor has brought her down here to her country home. Miss Nelly imagines they have never left it, and the physicians want to gradually lend her mind onward just as nature did in the first placs. Of course, there will come a point where she will recognize the fact that she has been over that path before, and then her memory will return and she will be

"That is a very clever idea," I said. "We think it the natural treatment. And I came this evening to ask you to help us. I knew your wife would be away for some time | flew straight into my arms

yet, and except for your daily visit to the factory, you had considerable time on your hands." "Yes, indeed," I said, eagerly, "you may rely upon me to do anything in my power." Dr. Marsh pulled at his cigar for a few minutes, and then he said again: "You were engaged

I felt a little startled. "She thinks you are still. Remember these ten years are a blank. Her mother tells me that she is fretting and pinning because you have not been to see her."

to her about then.

"Of course I understand your feeling," Marsh broke in, "but after all she is your cousin that you were brought up with, and it is only a temporary thing, and if you could humor her for a

"Humor her! Do you think she would see the Dick Edgar of ten years ago in mel" I asked almost angrily Marsh looked at me critically. "Well, I don't know," he said. "It is your

beard that changes you, and the way you brush your bair, and your clothes. If you could change A momentary picture of myself of ten years

ago came up before me. And I think Marsh saw it too, and we both laughed. There is no use in going over the rest of our talk. Suffice to say, that before the iced beer was gone, I had promised, for the sake of humanity and the love I bore my sweet aunt and afflicted cousin, I had promised to do my best to turn back the wheels of time for ten years and go out to the Beeches the next day as the rather dudish young lover of my pretty cousin. After Marsh went away I sat thinking it all over; and I was rather glad that Julia was not at home;

but I meant to write and tell her about it. It was too late to do it that night, however. After I went upstairs I stood at the mirror in my dressing case a long time. Was it true that the Dick Edgar of ten years ago was only hid-den under a superficial layer of hair and dress? I took up the comb and drew a part down the center of my head. It was becoming. I had only given up wearing my hair like that on Julia's account. She thought it foppish. Her little basket stood on a table near with the seissors gleaming temptingly. I had promised, and it had to be done; but I didn't half mind, seeing my cherished whiskers drop. I felt oddly as though I were getting rid of some sort of a disguise. I had always shaved myself, and in the course of a half hour I stood before the mirror with smooth, plump cheeks, a dimpled chin, a little upward-curved mustache, showing my teeth and lips that had a most curious tendency

to smiles. I undressed and got into bed with the nimble ness of twenty-five, and forgot to wish for Julia

The next morning I spent an hour in combing my mustache down and parting my bair very much on the side before I could muster courage to go down to breakfast and face the servants. "I hardly knowed ye, sir," old John said, with the familiarity of long service.
"It is cooler so," I said. "And by the way, John, take this telegram down and have it sent

off at once." It was to the tailor who had arrayed me in the gorgeousness of my youth, and whom I had cut for economic reasons since I had been a benedict. I told him to send down on the noon train anything in the way of collars, hats, ties or coats that was new and suitable for summer wear in the country. And then I went off for my usual morning at the factory. The box was waiting for me at 1 o'clock when I came home, and I told old John to have the dog cart ready at 2. At 2:30 I drove out at the gate, and old Mr. Morehouse, who had the opposite place, looked

up and gave me a sort of gasp as I lifted my hat I had on a pink and white striped shirt, a high collar, and a big white tie, a yellow and white blazer, and a sailor hat with a polka dot band. I knew people would talk, but it was nobcdy's business how I chose to dress, so far as I could see. As I drove into the handsome beech avenue that gave the name to the old house where my aunt and cousin lived, it seemed almost as though I had suffered a loss of memory as well as poor Nelly. My heart had quite a youthful throb. My aunt had none of Mr. Morehouse's astonishment. She had not seen me since my marriage, and she had been living among people to whom blazers of gaudy hues were as the sands of the sea. Her eyes were tired with weeping over her cherished child; but she bright-

her to lead Nelly into the light again. While we were talking of her she came in, and then I always thought it was the rest of us who were bewildered. Surely ten years had not gone over her head. She had on a short white frock with elbow sleeves and a scarlet sash. Her yellow hair was in a big golden cable down her back, and waving in a fringe across her pretty white forehead.

ened with hope at the thought of my helping

There was the same sea-shell color in her cheeks, the same roguish look in her eyes that was there before she began to think with Herbert Spencer and get a shadow in their blue depths by looking on the dark side with Schop-

When she saw me she gave a little cry, and

"You naughty boy," she said. "I don't think lought to speak to you. Where have you been these two days!" And as I kissed her sweet firm lips I said in my soul, "She is my cousin, Presently she looked me over.

"Dick," she said anxiously, "You have been working too hard. There are wrinkles all around your eyes.' "You know I have the factory now," I said

"You!" And she fairly screamed. "You! What in the world do you know about a fac-tory?" Alas! I couldn't tell her of those weary years of working for my present position. My aunt made signs to me over my cousin's head,

and I changed the subject. I don't attempt to explain it, but by the end of a week all sense of the strangeness of my position had vanished. I went to the factory in my blazer, and I am afraid that sometimes I transacted by business very much as though I were the inexperienced boy of twenty-five that I

Mattleboro was a factory town with very few society people. Indeed, our family was almost the only one that belonged to the great world, and we had been there since colonial days, and had always done pretty much as we pleased. The Beeches was a large estate, and my aunt

and cousin rarely left it during their visits to the place. So there was little chance for gossip connecting me with my cousin in any unpleas-The only times when I was bound to grow old was when I wrote to Julia, and before a week

was over and I was in the full swim of my newly acquired youth, an accident happened that put me cut of that. I sprained my right thumb and could not hold a pen. I telegraphed and told her, and told her as well that I would telegraph every other day, which I religiously did, or rather Mr. Smith, my bookkeeper, did it for me. Nelly and I wandered about through the old that we had cut in the smooth bark of the beeches long ago. We used to carry a little basket that held our lunch and a volume of poems

or a new novel. There were a great many clever little novels that Nellie had not read. Of course we had to keep magazines and everything with a date out of her way. One day in going over the library shelves I came across an old book that gave me the shivers. It was Mallock's "is Life Worth Living?" It was that that had first started Nellie on the path that led her away from me in the long ago. Instinctively, I hid it behind a row of encyclopedias. And then I knew I way playing the part of a traitor. I had been excusing myself from my peritously pleasant position by the assurance that I was the only person who could lea! Nelly into her true life. And when I saw

the door open before her. I ran to close it. I took the book out again and took it with me when we went on our morning ramble. When she saw it I trembled. But instead of picking it up as I expected her to, she looked at it half scornfully and flung it down. "Dick," she said poutingly, "you are too tire-

some! What do you suppose I want with stuff There was a great guilty throb of joy in my beart. "-I-It has a red cover," I said lamely, "I

thought it was a story." Just then she saw the corner of an envelope sticking out of my pocket. It was Julia's last letter that I had received that morning, and had not even opened. She gave it a little jerk and pulled it out. Julia writes the Eastlakey ultra feminine hand of tan years ago. And the thick letter lay proclaiming itself from a lady. Nelly looked at it and then she looked at me. and there was the sareasm of inexperience in her eye and voice. "You have no sisters. I be-

lieve," she said icily. Even in that minute of terror I could not help almost laughing at the idea of a man being taken to task for receiving a letter from his wife that was probably full of directions for keeping damp out of the house and a request for new shoes for the baby.

"This," I said in my quietest tone, "is from the wife of a friend of mine—a lady thirty years old and the mother of two children. She writes to me sometimes and gives me good advice, and tells me little anecdotes about the children. I will read you some of it if you like." Bless her heart! She turned and kissed me on

the cheek, and said, pityingly: "Poor boy! How you do let your good nature make a martyr of you. Don't you find them awful bores!" "Yes," I said, candidly. "When the advice is extra good I do."

"And do you answer them?" "Well," I said, "this is the tenth I have had since I answered one." Which was the truth. I don't call a telegram that is sent by a bookkeeper an answer to a letter. Going home across the fields we came to

"I don't seem to remember this ditch here." Nelly said. "And how are we ever going to cross! "I'll jump it," I said; "and lift you over."

"Oh, but Dick, dearest, you can't," she said. "Heavy!" said I. "Yes, you are. Why, my

boy Johnny could jump this ditch with you in his arms. "Your boy Johnny? Who are you talking about? You do say some of the funniest things!"

"Oh," I said, airly, "I mean the little son of the lady whose letter I was showing you. He is a great pet of mine. We walked along silently for a little while after the ditch was jumped, and then Nelly said in a dreamy sort of a way: "Dick, sometimes you seem different. You don't laugh as much as you used last summer."

"And you seem more brusque some way. I am afraid you are working too bard, dear Diek. And—some way you seem fond of me in a different way. You don't"—and the clear red of a sweet young girl's blush went all over her cheeks and brow-"kiss me as often as you used-and you act like you thought I was going

Dear heart! Last summer was eleven years

away presently. She finished the sentence with her head on my breast, and I kissed her often enough to make up for any lack that had gone before, and cursed myself in my heart for a black scoundrel, and doubly cursed Marsh, who had got me into this scrape.

As I went home that night I made up my mind to end it one way or another. Suppose Nelly never regained her memory? Suppose instead of naturally going on in the path her mind had once trod she took a different turning! It looked like it. Perhaps a headache-a wet day-anything depres-sing, had started her to reading Malieck. Suppose she kept on thinking of me as her betrothed lover. She would have to be told sooner or later that I was thirty-five years old: that I had been deceiving her; that I had a wife and two children. The sweat stood out on my face as I thought of it. Julia would be coming home in a few weeks, and I felt that I would rather drown myself than face poor Nelly with my wife in her present state of mind. As I entered my own door John met me. I was conscious that he looked with much disfavor upon my youthful appearance and dress, and judged that my habitual absences were for no good.

He handed me a card on his tray and told me that the gentlemen was in the library. The card read: "JOHN WILLIAM ABERNATHY,

John William Abernathy I knew as a professor of mental philosophy at a noted seat of learning. I could not imagine what he could

want with me. As I entered my pretty little library a tall, gaunt, grizzled gentleman in a long-tailed coat rose to greet me. His forehead was bald and shiny, and his small eves glimmered behind

He evidently was surprised to find so youth-

ful a host. Some of my innovations in the factory have been talked about, and may have even penetrated mental philosophy circles. He began at once to tell me his business. He wanted to ask after my cousin Nelly ("Miss Helen" he called her.) If she had sufficiently recovered to see her friends. Mrs. Saltor had written him several weeks before that her daughter's health was still in a very precarious state, and she could not be disturbed by letters or visits, but Prof. Abernathy had heard in some

way that she had been out, and before he at-

tempted to seek her he would like to know her

true state. And then he smiled a little and

gave me to understand that "Miss Helen" had

given him the hope that she would eventually give her life, in sickness or health, into his keep-Little Nell, whose curly, yellow head had rested on my breast but an hour ago, to marry that old fossil! Only the strongest self-control kept me from kicking him out of the house. In the most polite manner I could muster. I teld him that I thought he had better wait until Mrs. Saltor signified her willingness to allow him to visit her daughter. As yet she had seen

no one but her physician and myself. After promising to ask Mrs. Saltor's permission for the elderly lover to see her daughter, I bowed the professor out; and sitting down in my easy chair, I put my head in my hands and grouned aloud. And then I walked the floor. In the midst of my agony there was a ring at the door-bell. I composed my face as much as possible and sat down.

My visitor was Mr. Smith, the book-keeper at the factory: and he had a telegram in his hand. It only needed that to make my position past endurance, it seemed to me, for the telegram was from my wife, and said: "Will be at home Tuesday at 6:30." To-morrow was Tuesday. I did not spring up

and clap my hands for joy.

I wondered why Mr. Smith had thought it necessary to bring the telegram instead of sending it by a messenger; but presently I discov

After numerous very embarrassed apologies, he said that he thought it his duty to warn me that there had been a great many remarks made by meddlesome people concerning my changed manner and appearance, and some of the conservative old stockholders in the factory were becoming alarmed. "Although it seems a pity," My Smith said laughing shortly, "that a man

can't buy a new coat without laying himself out to a charge of insanity.

Good heavens! had it come to this? I must have looked a fool. I got Mr. Smith out of the house, and I went up stairs and took three times as much brandy as was good for me and went to bed. I felt that if I didn't have sleep I would blow my brains out.
It was 11 o'clock next day when I awoke. The

sun was shining hotly on the breakfast-table. and I had a blinding headache. I told John to bring me in some strong coffee, and I sat miserably down. I sipped my coffee, and the clock was just on

the stroke of 12 when John came in again, bringing a note in his hand. I took it, feeling that it made no difference what happened to me. Wasn't the end of the world coming at 6:30 P. M.? My head was whirling. It was a severe-looking little note, on com-

mercial paper, and this was what it said: I cannot find words to express my sense of horror of the base advantage vou-a relative, and a man who bears the name of gentleman—have taken of a woman defenseless through illness. To-day, while walking, I encountered Professor Abernathy, and at one rush my memory returned, making me horror struck at the ignominious position you, abetted by Dr. Marsh and my mother, have striven to place me in. I only hope that your poor wife may never know the circumstances. She must have enough to bear in her daily life. I cannot long live with my mother, and shall marry Professor Abernathy at once. To him you will be good enough to return my ring which you wear.

Yours unforgivingly,
HELEN JANE SALTOR I dragged myself up-stairs and took out my razors. I lighted a match and burned Helen's letter, and then I shaved off that frivolous little

mustache, and left my face clean and bare. I bundled up all the new shirts, and collars. and bats, and coats, and told John he might have them on condition he took them out of the house and sold them at once; and then I parted my hair just over my right ear, and put on my I had nearly as many stares as greeted me when I first appeared in my yellow and white blazer, but my looks encouraged no remarks. That night when Julia saw me she gave a little

"What have you done to yourself!" "Only shaved to strengthen my beard." I said 'I thought it would grow before your return.' "I rather like it," she said. The next morning at breakfast she took in my habby grey suit, and said, "Dick, why don't you wear a blazer -- around here -- All the men at the shore ... "

"Damn a blazer!" was all I said. New Occupation for Women.

Boston Journal.

The energetic woman of to-day has enlarged ber opportunities of making a living by service to other women in many branches besides housework, dress-making and millinery. The manicure and hair-dresser has long fulfilled duties in increasing woman's attractiveness; the massage treatment is best performed by women. In a less personal field the professional shopper, who buys on commission for people who live at a distance from the city, is able to make as much money as any salesman in an ordinary retail house. By receiving a discount from the firms with which she trades in addition to her customers' commissions, she is well compensated for the time, trouble, and exercise of tasts required by her occupation. In Philadelphia a novel occupation of housekeeping for various families has been developed recently. The professional housekeeper has a number of houses upon her visiting list, and acts as manager to each establishment, having the direction of servants and the arrangement of the household routine. Only the "lady from Philadelphia" would be able to form such an arduous profession, one would think. A simple and more practical occupation would be that of marketing for housewives whose time is all occupied and whose experience is limited. It is said that one woman's enterprise in this field has resulted in success, the commissions which she receives amounting to a handsome sum. A skillful marketer would not only obtain the best cuts of meat, but she would be able to make living less expensive for a large family. Besides possessing a knowledge of the market, she should endeavor to acquire a scientific understanding of the proper kinds of food for each season, so that she might relieve the housekeeper of the ever anxious thought of "what to bave to eat for the next meal." The purchase of food, in the present day of insistance upon hygiene, entails a study of economy, of the best places for purchase, of the best cuts of meat, the fresheat vegetables and fruits and the purest groceries. An intelligent, professional marketer who possesses all necessary knowledge would be a means of benefit to the whole community.

Students and Maidens in the Mountains. Hartford Courant,

There is a party of Yale students here (Bethlehem, N. H.) doing the mountains and enjoying their recreation in a most sensible manner. They came prepared for roughing it,

colored stockings, flannel shirts, tennis coats belts around their waists for suspenders, and russet colored shoes. The pretty young ladies with the party are clothed in flannel waists, short skirts reaching a little below the knee, gray stockings, and on their feet yellow leather shoes; for the head soft felt hats without trimming. Each one has a mountain stick in his hand and a field glass strapped to his back. They return in the edge of the evening, well laden with wild flowers, botanical and geological specimens, pine buds, spruce gum, and, occasionally, a fine string of trout. But what a wonderful transformation takes place. In the evening the gentlemen appear in full dress, and the ladies are richly dressed, with a profusion of diamonds and jewelry.

SEASIDE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Amateurs with Cameras Find Highly Interesting Subjects on the Beaches.

New York Letter to St. Louis Republic. Not only do the photographers focus the sights at Coney Island, where the people are not ap to dodge the lens, but they have made them selves terrors to the more retiring dwellers a Manhattan and Long beaches. From behind clumps of trees, from hotel windows and from the seats of vehicles they have been taking pho tographs with reckless impertinence, until na young maiden or dandy feels at all certain whether her or his deportment out-ofdoors is made the subject a picture or not. Some of amateurs with these cameras are young mer who do not know enough to keep their triumphe to themselves, or to their circle of close friends, and the consequence is that their quick-as-a wink pictures had been handed around quite feely, to the disturbance of many young persons who never suspected, when they were stealing kisses on the beach, or walking arm-aroundwaist in what looked like lonely places, that their actions and their faces were reflected in permanent form on the negative of a sly youth up a tree, or in a wagon, or hidden under the beard walk. On the other hand, some of the views are interesting and agreeable enough, by reason of the prettiness of the girls' portraits,

and the stylishness of their dresses.

The advantage these photographers take of

persons they have a fancy for photographing is at times heartless and ergel. The other night in a ball-room of a gay hotel, close to the beach, one of these youths had a roll of proof photographs with him and was showing them to his friends, with comments like this: "You see that stately miss over there with the stout mother by her side? You would not think she would eat cherries without a spoon, would you! Yet look at this picture of her, taken yesterday morning in the grove near the elephant, when she thought she and her beau were all alone. See that little dimpled puss over there! Frigid isn't she! Nobedy would dare to kiss her, would they! But somebody did dare all the same, and here's a picture of how it was done, down on the beach yesterday, under an umbrella. Who is that coming in! Why that's the little Miss Perkins, daughter of the big candle-maker in Newark. She told me, when I squeezed her hand yesterday, that if I ever did such a thing again she would break friends with me; that she never allowed any gentleman any liberties whatever. Here is a picture I took of her two hours later at the further end of the board-walk beyond the pavilion. It looks like a Siamese twin brother and sister, they are so thoroughly encircled in each other's arms. I am going to show her this picture and ask her if she would be very angry if her companion in the picture should squeeze her hand as I did." The worst of making these photographs so common is that the men who see them are apt to speak of them vaguely to friends of the persons photographed, and thus start whispered stories that do very great damage to persons who cannot defend themselves, and who have really not been guilty of anything more than evereenfidence in being, as they think, out of sight. I saw a picture thus being made of a girl in a bathing-suit, who had come out of the surf to have a romp with a couple of pet dogs. She was as frisky as they were, and seemingly as needless of appearances, although her costume was essentially the same as that of hundreds of other bathers, and she was certainly justified by superior beauty in disclosing herself completely on the sand as well as only partially in the water. Now, while a photograph resulting from that shot of the camera may represent the young woman as samboling too

umbrells and overlooking with protective complacency the sportiveness of the daughter.

uprestrainedly in public, another piece of por

traiture on the spot would have shown the solid

and sedate parents seated comfortably under an

An Oversight. Chicago Journal By a curious oversight, both Mr. Muls and Mr. Wilson forgot to tell Chicago Democrats of the big check that Mr. Havemeyer and the Sugar Trust sent to the Democratic national committee about the time the sugar tariff was being discussed by Mr. Mills's committee, The omission was a bad one, for ther . is nothing mountaineers, in their slouch hats, bright age the short hairs to work.